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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Durbant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER IV.

A STROLL.

She had risen to go, and drew her large shawl over her shoulders. She was badly dressed, shockingly dressed, like a poor tired-out actress, who hurries to throw off her stage costume, and joyfully envelops herself in a large and warm dressing gown to go home on foot. She had a rusty black veil on her head, large shoes on her feet, for the weather was rainy. She hid her pretty hands (how minutely I recall that detail!) in coarse and ugly knit gloves. She was very pale, perhaps a little sallow, as I had observed she became when she removed the ashes which covered the glow of her soul. Probably she would have seemed homely rather than beautiful at that moment to any other person.

Well, I found her, for the first time in my life, the most beautiful woman I had ever looked upon, and I am sure that she really was so. That mixture of despair and firmness, of disgust and courage, that utter sacrifice in so energetic a nature, and consequently so capable of tasting life with fulness, that deep flame, that saddened memory, veiled by a smile of naïve sweetness, made her shine in my eyes with strange radiance. She stood before me like the soft light of a little lamp just lit in a vast church. First it is only a spark in the darkness, and then, as the flame grows, it becomes clearer and the eye grows accustomed to it, and the objects about it are gradually illumined. Every detail is distinct, while

the general effect loses none of its clearness, none of its sad severity. At first one cannot walk in the twilight without stumbling, but afterwards one may read by the cathedral lamp, and the images in the church become slightly colored and wave before you like living beings. The picture grows upon you every second, like a strange sense, perfected, satisfied and idealized by the gentle influence of a light which is pure, steadfast and serene.

This metaphor, so long to relate, flashed through my thoughts in an instant. Painter as I am, I saw the symbol with my imagination, as I beheld the woman with the eyes of sense. I rushed towards her, threw my arms about her neck, and cried out like a madman:

"*Fiat lux!* let us love each other, and there will be light!"

But either she understood me not or did not hear my vain words, for she was listening to the sound of voices in the next box.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" said she, "my father is quarreling with Celio. Let us go and interrupt them. My father has just left the café, and is very much excited, and Celio is ill-disposed to listen to a discourse upon the emptiness of glory. Come, my friend."

She seized me by the arm and ran to Celio's box. A long time passed before I had another chance to confess my love to her.

The old Boccaferri was half undressed and half drunk, as he always was when he was not entirely so. Celio, washing his face with *pâte de concombre*, was stamping furiously.

"Yes," said Boccaferri, "I will repeat it, even if you strangle me. It is your own fault; you were *bad*, shockingly *bad*. I knew you were bad enough, but I really did not think you could be quite as *bad* as you were to-night."

"Don't I know that I was *bad, bad* drunkard that you are?" cried Celio, rolling up his napkin to throw at the old man; but seeing Cecilia, he stopped this dramatic gesture, and the napkin fell at our feet. "Cecilia," began he, "deliver me from your plague of a father. The old fool is giving me a last kick, and if he does not stop, I shall throw him out of the window."

Celio's violence partook so strongly of the low actor that I was shocked; but the peaceable Cecilia seemed neither surprised nor astonished. Like a salamander, accustomed to walk through the flames, like a sailor familiar with tempests, she glided between the combatants, took their hands, and forced them to join them, saying:

"And yet you love each other so much! If my father is beside himself to-night, it is grief which makes him so. If Celio is unkind, it is because he has been unfortunate, but he knows

well enough that it is his own misfortune which makes a fool of his old friend."

Boccaferri threw himself upon Celio's neck, and, pressing him in his arms: "Heaven knows," cried he, "that I love you almost as much as I do my own daughter;" and he began to weep. His tears came both from his heart and from the bottle. Celio shrugged his shoulders in embracing him.

"It is only because," continued the old man, "I wanted to place you, your mother, your sisters, and your little brother, in the highest heaven, with a glory, a crown of lightning round your brows, like the old gods; and now you have made a *fiasco horrible* for not consulting me."

He talked nonsense for a few minutes, and then his ideas grew clearer as he spoke. He said excellent things upon the love of art, upon the personality, misunderstood, which injures that of talent. He called that the *personality of the person*. He expressed himself at first in rude, obscure and strange terms, but as he talked his drunkenness passed off, and he became wonderfully clear, and even found agreeable expressions which made the stubborn Celio accept his criticisms. He really said about the same things which I had said to the duchess; I mean that he conveyed the same ideas, but differently and much better expressed. I saw that he thought like me, or rather that I thought like him, and that he summed up my own thoughts before me. I had never before paid any attention to the old man's words, his negligence had so disgusted me; but I saw that night that he had intelligence, subtlety, and great knowledge of the philosophy of art, and at times he used words which a man of genius would not have disclaimed.

Celio listened sulkily, defending himself badly, and showing, with the generous naiveté so peculiar to him, that he was convinced in spite of himself.

The hour was passing away; they were putting out the lights in the passages, and were about fastening the doors of the theatre. Boccaferri was at home everywhere. With that admirable indifference which is a *grâce d'état* for the dissipated, he would have slept on the boards or talked until daylight without thinking of the fatigue of others any more than his own. Cecilia took his arm to lead him away, said good-night to us in the street, and I was left alone with Celio, who, too much excited to sleep, asked to walk home with me.

"When I think," exclaimed he, "that I was invited to sup at ten different houses to-night, and now none of my acquaintances seek me to console me! No one is troubled about me, no one regrets my absence, and I have not

had one friend who has fairly sought me, for I was in Cecilia's box, and not finding me in my own, they did not care to inquire if I was not on the other side of the partition. Across that accursed partition I heard words which should make me reflect: 'What! already gone? he must be in despair!' 'Poor fellow! upon my word, I am going off. I will leave my card for him. I am rather glad I did not find him,' &c. So did my sweet and faithful friends talk together, and I kept quiet, delighted to hear them go away. And your duchess, who was going to send her companion for me in her carriage—I did not even have the chance to refuse her tea. You like that duchess, hey? You are wrong; she is a shameless woman. Only wait for a *fiasco* in your art, and you will tell another story. From the first I saw she measured every one by her standard, and that to be in her favor one must carry his certificate of great man in his hand."

"I do not know," answered I, "whether it is spite or habit which makes you cynical, Celio, but you are so, and it is a fault in you. Where is the use of such bitter language? I could not even call a woman shameless of whom I had a right to complain. Now, as I have not that right, and am not in the least in love with the duchess, I beg you to speak coldly and politely of her in my presence; you will do me a favor, and I shall think better of you."

"Listen, Salentini," answered Celio quickly; "you are prudent and you manœuvre through the world like many others. I do not think you are right; at least it is not my way. One must be frank to be strong, and I wish to be that at any price. If you are not a lover of the duchess, it is only because you do not wish it, for, for my part, I know I might have been, had I desired it. I know how she spoke of you at the first flattering word which I addressed to her, (and I assure you I only did it out of sheer curiosity, for my own amusement.) I was looking at a pretty sketch which you had made of her, and which she had hung, richly framed, in her boudoir. I thought the portrait flattered, and told her so, plainly, without her contradicting it, intimating that such a noble interpretation of her beauty could only have been rendered by love."

"Speak lower," said she, with a mysterious air. "I have a great deal of trouble in managing that man." Just then the bell rang. "Ah, good heavens!" said she, "perhaps that is he forcing my door. Let us leave this room; I do not wish to make any enemy for you at your *début*."

"Yes, yes," answered I, ironically, "you are so kind to me that you would make him happy to save me from his hatred."

"She thought it a declaration, and, stopping on the threshold of her boudoir, she said:

"What are you saying? If you fear nothing for yourself, I only dread the ennui he will give me. But let him come, let him be angry—here we will stay."

"Was not that charming, Monsieur Salentini? I awaited my success or my failure. If you will come with me, we will laugh at her. Come, will you?"

"No, Celio; I do not wish to persist with women; above all, coquettes do not deserve the trouble. The bitterness of spite flatters instead of mortifies them. My vengeance, if vengeance I seek, shall be henceforth the greatest indifference of mind and manner towards her."

"Well, you are better than I. To be sure, you have not been bitted to-night, which is a very hurtful thing I assure you, and jars one's nerves horribly; but you seem to bring me calm. Do not be hurt by the word; a spirit which calms is often one which rules, and perhaps calm is one of the greatest forces of nature."

"It is the producing force," said I. "Agitation is the storm which disturbs and overthrows."

"As you will," said he; "there is a time for all—everything has its uses. Perhaps the union of two such opposite natures as yours and mine may make a complete force. I wish to become your friend. I feel the need of you, for you know that I am selfish, and shall undertake nothing without asking how I shall be affected by it; but it is only in the moral and intellectual that I seek profit. In material things I am almost as careless as old Boccaferri, who would be one of the first of men if man was not the last of the races. He was right to-night, and I was wrong not to bear his insolence just now. He told the truth. I failed because I was below myself. Upon that I agreed with him; I did not do my best, and lacked inspiration, because I have gone all wrong until now. A healthy, well balanced talent can always find inspiration. Mine is unhealthy, and I must cure it. So I shall follow his advice and not listen to yours, which was prompted by politeness. I shall not make a second trial without invigorating myself. I ought to be beyond these sudden failures, and hence I must consider differently the philosophy of my art. I must return to my mother's lessons, which I have neglected to follow, but which are written in sacred characters upon my memory. To-night old Boccaferri talked like her, and the peaceable Cecilia, that cold artist, who neither praises nor blames what surrounds her, yes, my old Cecilia, slipped in, like the *point d'orgue* in her father's theories, two or three words which made a deep impression upon me, although I pretended not to hear."

"Why do you call her old Cecilia, my dear Celio? She is only a few years older than you and I."

"O, that is only a way I have, a habit of my childhood, a term of fondness, if you will. I call her '*mon vieux* *fer*.' It is a nickname taken from her surname, and it does not offend her. She has always been old beyond her years, sad, thoughtful and considerate. When I was a child I used to play with her sometimes in the corridors of old palaces; she always gave up to me, which made me think her as old as my nurse, although she was then a pretty girl. We have only become intimate since my mother's death, or rather since she entered the theatre, and after I had left the nest where I was sheltered with so much love. I have learned a great deal of the world in two years. I was backward in experience, and eager to gain it; I quickly found it. The eager desire which I had of trying life alone first diverted my thoughts from my great grief; for I had a mother whose like no other man has seen. She bore me in her heart, her thought, and in her arms even, without remembering my age; neither did I remember it, I was so happy thus; but when she sought the skies, I longed to wander, to build and possess on the earth. I am already weary and my hands are empty. Now I really feel that I have no mother; now I weep and mourn for her in the loneliness of my heart, and still in this frightful solitude, heart-rending to one so used to the exclusive, passionate love of a mother, there is one

who still does me good, and near whom I breathe freely—Cecilia Boccaferri. Listen, Salentini—I will tell you something which may astonish you, but weigh it well and you will comprehend it. I do not like women, nay, I detest them, and I am very ugly with them. I shall only except one, Cecilia, for she alone resembles my mother somewhat—resembles her whose perfection makes others hateful to me. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly, Celio. Your mother lived only for you, and you became used to the society of a woman who loved you more than herself. Ah! you do not know, Celio, to whom you speak and what different tortures that name of mother awakens in my heart. The more my childhood has differed from yours, the better can I understand you, O spoiled child, insolent and handsome as good fortune! As long as your boyish inexperience lasted, you believed that woman was an ideal of devotion, and that the love of woman was man's highest good; in short, you thought that woman was made to serve us, to adore us, to protect us, and guard us from danger, evil, trouble, and even ennui, did you not?"

"Yes, yes, it was so," cried Celio, stopping and turning his eyes upward. "The love of a woman, in my idea, was the bright and trembling light of a star, which never pales nor fades. My mother loved me as a star pours out the fertilizing light. Near her, I was a living plant, a flower as pure as the dew with which she nourished me. I had not a single evil thought, not a doubt, not a desire. I did not care to live a separate life, when life might have wearied me; and yet she suffered; she died, worn out by a secret grief, and I, wretch that I was, did not perceive it. If I questioned her, she reassured me by her answers—I believed in her smiles. One morning I held her lifeless in my arms. I bore her home, thinking she had fainted. She was dead, dead! and I was clasping her corpse."

Celio sat down on the parapet of a bridge which we were just then crossing. A cry of despair and terror came from him, as if a ghost had passed before his eyes. I saw well that the poor child did not know how to bear trouble. I feared lest this awakened remembrance, embittered by his recent misfortune, might be too violent for him, and I took his arm and led him gently away.

"You can understand," said he, taking up the thread of his ideas as we walked on, "how and why I am egotistical. I cannot be otherwise; and you can see too how I became full of hatred and anger as soon as I sought love and friendship among my fellows. I was jarred and wounded by selfishness like my own. The women whom I have met (and I begin to think all are alike) only love themselves, or if they like us a little, it is for their own sake, because we satisfy their vanity or their passion. When we are of no use to them, they trample upon us and cast us aside; and do you want me to respect those ambitious, sensual creatures, who tell me that I am handsome and may have a glorious future? Oh, my mother would have loved me had I been a hunchback and an idiot; but the others! Just trust in them once, Salentini, and you will see."

"My dear Celio, you are right in general; but for the sake of possible exceptions, you should not curse all. I, who have never been indulged, never even been loved, hope still and expect always—"

"No one has ever loved you? Then you had no mother, or yours was worth no more than other women. Poor boy! Then you must have been alone with yourself, and that must be such a terrible *tête-à-tête*! Ah, Salentini, I wish I were loving, that I might love you. It must be such happiness to make others happy!"

"What a strange soul you are, Celio! I do not yet understand you, but I desire to know you, for it seems to me that, in spite of your contradictions and your inconsistency, in spite of your pretensions to hatred, selfishness, and harshness, there is in you something of that soul which showered its treasures upon you."

"Something of my mother? I cannot think so. She was so humble in her greatness, incomparable soul, that she always feared to destroy my personality in substituting her own. She developed the feelings I showed to her; she took me as I was, without dreaming that I could ever do wrong. Ah, that is loving, and not so do other women love us—agree with me."

"How is it that, understanding so well the greatness and beauty of devotion and love, you do not feel it living or budding in your own soul?"

"And you, Salentini," answered he, stopping me quickly, "what do you bear and cherish in your soul? Is it devotion to others? No, it is devotion to self, for you are an artist. Be sincere; I am not one of those who are satisfied with sounding words, vulgarly called the humbug of sentiment."

"You make me tremble, Celio," said I to him, "by so cold an examination; you will make me doubt myself. Leave me till to-morrow to answer you, for I am here at my door, and I fear lest you are fatigued. Where do you live, and at what time do you shake off the poppies of sleep?"

"Sleep! Another humbug!" answered he. "I am always awake. Come for me to breakfast as soon as you like. Here is my card."

He lit his cigar by mine and walked away.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART II.

In the regular order of the public examination, the piano-class comes next. The boys are first tested. It is not unusual to find among these young lads some of twelve or fifteen years, who have already attained a proficiency which full-grown men might envy. After the boys come the girls, who are far from affording the audience the same degree of musical gratification, although they are, oftentimes, not wanting in talent. But you seek in vain for that fulness of sound and that boldness of touch in their playing, which is so captivating to the ear. Nevertheless from other causes, they are welcomed with more enthusiastic applause and hurrahs: in which it is easy to see that the French spectator pays his usual tribute to some fine pair of eyes or rosy cheeks; and the fair owner never fails to avail herself of whatever advantages she may possess, by which to awaken enthusiasm, and elicit the favors of applauding hands.

The composers whose works were used at examinations during my connection with the Conservatory, were Hummel and Herz: now, Thalberg's works are *à la mode*. Clementi, Cramer, and Dussek, who, as composers, were superior to all the fashionable piano-writers of the present day, are quite forgotten as too *easy*, now that both performers and hearers aim only at *tricks de force*.

The two most distinguished professors of the piano in the *Conservatoire*, have been Louis

Adam—now dead, and father to the present composer, Adolph Adam—and Zimmermann, equally distinguished as contrapuntist and pianist, who died last year. Louis Adam presided over the female class, and Zimmermann the male. On the death of Adam, his professorship was solicited and obtained by Herz; he soon resigned, however, having yielded to the attraction of American and Californian dollars: similarly attracted, he would, no doubt, have re-crossed the Pacific again and visited Australia, had the Australian mines been discovered at the time of his tour.

But we now pass on to the singers, who come next in order. The vocal classes are the last examined, and are the most interesting as regards the professors who have them in charge. The public here meet with names they have often greeted upon the great stage of the capital. These names I have already mentioned on a previous page. To name them is to praise them,—they are their own best commendation. The reader will easily conceive that such men impart to their pupils some of their own *prestige*. It would be difficult to express the degree of attention and sympathy which is given to these young singers, especially the female ones. Here the young ladies possess an unquestionable superiority over the young men. Some of them, even in the Conservatory, enjoy a considerable degree of fame, and are crowned with the first laurels of their class. Such pupils are, of course, destined for the great stage of the metropolis, the Grand Opera. On the day of their *debut*, the house is thronged with multitudes of spectators. The examination consists in the performance of an aria, with recitatives, selected from the operas of the most celebrated masters, particularly Italian, with accompaniment of piano. The pupils of the vocal department having performed their several tasks, the general examination closes.

After the competitions in each of the classes have thus been heard, the jury, or committee, deliberate "on the spot," and then mention the names of those who have been deemed worthy of the first and second premiums. In the violin and violoncello class, the first premium is a corresponding instrument: that is, either a violin or violoncello, obtained from some of the very best makers of Paris, such as Lupot, Gaud, Thibault, and Willaume. The instrument bears upon it the name of the successful competitor, with these words: "The National Conservatory of Paris to the pupil, 18—." The only award to the second competitor is the proclamation of his name. If I remember rightly, a flute is also given to the best pupil on that instrument. To the successful piano competitor, a selection of the best piano-music is awarded. A piano-forte has been deemed too costly a premium for the Conservatory, which has otherwise such heavy expenses to sustain. To the best singer a musical score, richly bound, is presented. The second best singer has merely his name proclaimed.

I must remark, however, that these prizes mentioned, are not presented at the time when the names of the successful competitors are announced: another public and ceremonious occasion is ordered for this. Immediately after the examination, a vacation commences, which lasts till the first Monday in October. At this time a great festival is arranged by the director, and publicly announced in the Parisian journals. It takes place on the day preceding the term which commences another year, and that is, on a Sunday evening. All the pupils are called upon to exert their talents to grace the occasion; and, now, the successful competitors for the first prizes are again listened to, and then receive the final award of their genius. In addition to this performance, a theatrical entertainment is furnished, consisting of an *opera comique* in three acts, sometimes, however, only in one act, and occasionally a single act of an Italian opera is performed. This beautiful festival, to which the most brilliant society in Paris is bidden, under the *monarchy* was presided over by the Minister of the Royal House, and sometimes by the Minister of the Interior. I remember to have seen Marshall Count of Lauriston presiding, who was, at the time, minister of Louis XVIII. He made the pupils and professors a

most flattering and eulogistic address, which created not only among them, but the spectators present, the warmest enthusiasm. It is by such acts as these that a government promotes the progress of Art, and makes a nation greater than by the bloody battle-field and the shock of arms.

I have thus far said nothing about the class which is most worthy of mention—a class which has furnished France with distinguished artists, and which has raised the Conservatory to a proud distinction; I mean the class of Musical Composition. This is quite distinct from the classes of harmony, counterpoint, and fugue, which have their separate teachers. I will also here state, that there are, in the Conservatory, three *Examiners*. In connection with the directors, the examiners form the High Council of the Conservatory, by which are examined, quarterly, the pupils in fugue and counterpoint. The examiners are selected from the ranks of the very best French composers, and are members of the Legion of Honor and of the Institute of France. Their only duty (beside that of examining the pupils just mentioned), is the teaching of musical composition. Each examiner has two or three pupils under his care, to whom he gives three lectures a week. He is not subject to the rules of the Conservatory, as the professors are, but instructs his pupils at home, and at any time most convenient for himself. His system of instruction is thorough and rigid to extremity; and the progress of the pupils is correspondingly certain and satisfactory.

After studying three years under these illustriously and conscientiously severe masters, the pupils come to competition for the *grand prize*. Three successive trials are had,—1st. An exercise in Counterpoint. 2d. A Fugue. 3rd. A Musical Composition, with an orchestral accompaniment. The third piece, till within the last three years, had been an *aria*, preceded by a *recitative*; but it has been enlarged, and is now a drama, in one act. I heard that, a few years ago a drama, called *Suppho*, which had gained for its author, M. Gounod, the *grand prize*, was brought out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Previous to the competition for the *grand prize*, which takes place in the large Hall of the Institute of France, each pupil is for three days locked in a room; writing materials being furnished him, also necessary food. During this time, he is allowed to have no intercourse with anybody; and should he violate this rule, he would be expelled, with disgrace, from the class of competitors. And why is he thus locked up? and what does he do in his solitary room? He there composes his third piece with orchestral accompaniment; and he is thus locked up that it shall not be possible for him to gain any aid from friends or books, but that he must, in those three days, produce the composition out of his own head. The exercises on fugue and counterpoint are handed in before the competitors are locked up. When a pupil has finished his composition, he selects some device and writes it carefully on one corner of his score, as a mark by which his production shall be distinguished from all the rest. He then carefully signs, folds up, and seals his score, and then it is handed to the director of the Conservatory. The director examines every device, that he may know to whom each score belongs, and then removes the signature; so that the judges determine the merits of a composition without knowing who is its author; and thus is even the *suspicion* of partiality avoided. Let me now relate how the decision is given on this important matter.

The music section of the Institute of France, consisting of five members, all first-rate composers, meet upon an appointed day, in the Hall of the Institute. A piano has been carried there, and able artists summoned. Each composition is performed in presence of these equitable and incorruptible judges, and each of them drops his vote into a bag, giving, at the same time, his motives of praise and blame. After every piece has been thus performed and judged, the votes on each work are compared and verified, and the *grand prize* is awarded. The decision is made known publicly by the papers. All that I have described

takes place in August, in which month also the general examination comes off. But that is not the end. The composition to which the *grand prize* has been adjudged will be honored with a public execution. In October all the sections of the Institute of France meet publicly; and in that illustrious assembly, before an immense concourse, to which the first artists and the orchestra of the Grand Opera, with their great leader, Habeneck, have been called—in such a place, I say, the happy young Laureat enjoys with rapture a performance, which, alas! will perhaps be the last for him.

Napoleon was the founder of this *grand prize*. He had remarked that in every other branch of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c., a premium was granted to the pupil who produced the best work; and that music, by some unexplainable, and in his view unjustifiable, reason, was made an exception. He resolved at once to place music on the same footing in this respect with her sister arts, and to this end he founded the *grand prize*.

Great advantages were, and are still, attached to the gaining of the *grand prize*. The pupil who wins such a distinction, is maintained during three years at the expense of the government: he is sent to Italy, to stay one year in Rome, where he makes himself acquainted with the musical resources, performances, and models, which the art can afford an artist in that city. The second year he visits Naples, Milan, and Florence, where every facility is given him for holding intercourse with such celebrated masters and singers as he can meet with there. The third year he is allowed to visit Germany. This closes his tour, and he is ordered back to France. Another privilege which was invaluable under Napoleon, belongs still to the young musician crowned with the *grand prize*. He was exempt from enrollment in the army. This shows the high degree of esteem Napoleon entertained for the art of music, of which he was exceedingly fond. There is no better proof of this than his restoration of the Chapel of Music in the Chateau of the Tuileries. He loaded with presents and regards Lesueur, his Chapel Master; he summoned from Italy to France the celebrated Paisiello, to whom he gave a high salary taken from his private treasury; the composer Paër accompanied him in all foreign expeditions, to compose masses and *te Deums* to celebrate the victories gained by his armies over the enemies of France. No other sovereign ever did so much for the arts in general, and music in particular.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 17. To go on with my visit to Dresden and Leipzig: It was still dark when I bade farewell to "Smoking house" friends and trudged off, with a boy to carry my bag, down to the noble new bridge built for the railroad, and so across the Elbe to the station. The policeman watches you, and if he hears you taking a ticket for Leipzig or Berlin, he demands the passport. You present it—a pleasant little reminder of the paternal care taken of you by these governments. At last we are off, running along the smooth river bottom of the Elbe, with a vine-covered side-hill not far off. By and by we see Meissen four or five miles away to the south; for we are not so far from the river: then again we pass through a tunnel, and our vineyards have disappeared; then we reach the river again at Riesa and cross it, having accomplished some thirty miles; and now straight across the level country forty miles farther, and there is Leipzig.

There were kind hearts awaiting me still, although but one or two are left of the friends of last year; but the fewer the number the warmer the welcome. CLAPP I found plunged into the mazes of WEBER's and MENDELSSOHN's concerted music, with the pleasing prospect of being called upon in a few weeks to play one of these pieces in presence of the pillars of the musical church—a little episode in a

pianist's life, like a young lawyer's first argument before the U. S. Supreme Court in the days of MARSHALL and STORY. However, you may be sure he will do Boston credit. His touch seems to me exquisite, and his power of imitating, no, reproducing, the styles of other players, from such men as MOSCHELES down to the author of the sweet song: "Little children, love your ma," is wonderful. He has no ambition though to become a virtuoso, but is devoting himself to a thorough study of the best methods of instruction.

This visit to Leipzig is a green and sunny week in my calendar. If for no other reason, the contrast between my student lodging in Berlin, and the sitting room of a noble American woman, with its delicious home feeling, enlivened and refined by her presence and that of her children, was enough to make it so. But musically, this visit was worth more to me than any of my former ones. I had more opportunity of meeting, seeing and hearing the men to whom Leipzig owes its present musical renown than formerly, and had for the first time opportunity of attending one of each of the two great concerts, the "Quartet" and the "Gewandhaus."

To one who has lived as much as I have in the musical periodical literature of England and Germany of the last sixty years, there is hardly a living musician whom one could visit with more interest than MOSCHELES. Years ago, how I used to pore over a set of the old London *Harmonicon*, another of Bacon's *Musical Review*, and the early volumes of the London *Musical World*! Later, the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* came in my way, and in the columns of that noble work I found could trace back the history of him whose name filled so large a space in the English musical press, to the boy composer of fourteen years, to the boy virtuoso of ten years, astonishing the public at Prague by his performance of variations of their new kapellmeister, WEBER, and playing with Fräulein MELITSCH the double concerto for two piano-fortes in E flat by MOZART. I follow him to Vienna, and there find him arranging BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio* for the piano, and at the end he writes: *Fine, mit Gottes hülf*, (Finis, with God's help!) to which Beethoven adds: *O Mensch, hilf dir selber!* (O man, help thyself.)

I follow him from volume to volume of the *Zeitung* in his artistic journeys, gaining ever a higher position, becoming more widely known, filling the places left vacant by the setting of the great stars of fifty years since, until I reach the era of the *Harmonicon*, when he is in London, the great composer, the great director, the great pianist, the most honored and popular man, as it seems, in the London world.

And at last MENDELSSOHN comes upon the stage, and "Moscheles and Mendelssohn" are names to conjure by; and still later, covered with honors and wealthy, he leaves the great capital and settles in quiet Leipzig—to my feelings, the great link which connects the present with the past. He is still active, still guiding the young virtuoso in the true path, still impressing the great lessons of the past upon the present, still stemming the current of fate in its efforts to break away from all the restraints of the true and the classic. He knew BEETHOVEN and probably HAYDN. If not, he knew those who did know both HAYDN and MOZART; and so you can follow the chain back to the days of BACH and HANDEL.

It was therefore with no small pleasure that Clapp brought me permission to call upon one of whom I had read so much. I had seen him at the Conservatory and in other places, but to visit him in his own house was another thing. Such a call would in any case be of interest; but where a man has improved his many opportunities, and has collected so many little remembrances of the distinguished persons whom he has known, this interest

becomes an hundred fold greater. Such objects are a variety of Beethoven matters, autographs, likenesses, &c., and a volume of MS. letters of Mendelssohn, in which his talent for drawing and his wit are shown conspicuously. But this is no place to give an inventory of the objects of interest in that drawing room. During another visit he was kind enough to offer to play, and selected Beethoven's Variations, Op. 35, a work new to me, and which I now for the first time saw. Its theme forms the last movement of the "Sinfonie Eroica." Of the beauty of these variations, so played, I need not speak. Moscheles must now be over sixty years of age, but I should not dream of it from his appearance. Health to him for long years to come!

Another interesting visit was to the well-known organist, C. F. BECKER, whose musical bibliographical works sustain a very high reputation. Herr Becker has devoted himself mostly to the history of church music, and certainly his collection of works illustrative of the rise and progress of modern sacred music, is one to "make my mouth water." Herr Becker seems hardly yet past the middle age, and I hope that we may yet have much from his pen. His catalogue of the musical works of the 16th and 17th centuries is a work of great labor, and one I would not willingly be without.

Besides Prof. PLATDY, of whom I have before spoken, and who is just as industrious and as skilful a teacher as ever, I may mention that in one of our walks we met a man whose name has become known in America within the last few years, and whom I saw once or twice afterwards. This was JULIUS KNORR. He is rather a tall, slender man, somewhat past the middle age, I thought. I did not hear him play, though I saw him show some tricks of fingering, which no hand but one with such an immense span as his can ever hope to perform. I was reminded of the stories told of Wœlfli, the rival of Beethoven in the days of his virtuoso glory in Vienna, who used to play Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, for four hands, without omitting a note, as old Tomaschek has recorded.

One evening passed pleasantly at the *Abend Unterhaltung* of the conservatory. The pieces given were a Quartet in A by Beethoven, the performers, except the violoncello, being pupils; a sonata for piano-forte and violin, by Schumann, by pupils; Piano Trio by Moscheles, which pleased me much, and none the less so because the Scherzo, if not a regular Scotch reel, was much of that character.

The Gewandhaus Quartet Concert which I attended was on the evening of Feb. 25, and the programme was this:

Trio by Beethoven, in G, performed by Herren Röntgen, Herrmann and Grützmacher.

Quartet, No. 1, E flat, by Cherubini, performed by the same gentlemen with the addition of DAVID as first violin.

Variations for two pianos, by O. Singer, quite a young man, and I think a pupil in the conservatory. I cannot say that I was much impressed either by the melody of the theme or by the character of the variations. There was no resting point; the hands seemed to be always full of chords; and when it was finished, one wished to know what all that was about.

The second part of the concert was filled by Mendelssohn's Octet. Once hearing is not enough for me to be able to enjoy a work of this extent, or indeed to follow its ideas, especially in the case of a composer like Mendelssohn, who deals so little in broad, clear melodies. The author of the fairy music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," however, was fully confessed.

But how can I express my astonishment at my first look into the hall of the Gewandhaus, of which we have heard and read so much! A little, miserable, unventilated room, which can scarcely, when

crowded to its utmost capacity, I judge, hold eight hundred auditors. Though well fitted for quartet concerts, can it be possible for an audience to get more than a faint idea of the due effect of a large orchestra? This remained to be seen. Well, four days after came a so-called "Gewandhaus Concert," *par excellence*, and I had opportunity to hear for myself. First came Spontini's noisy overture to the *Vestalin*. Now it is clear that to one who is in the habit of being in the very tumult of the sounds of an orchestra, and has learned to look for this sort of effect, the clear distinctness with which we who are used to the large concert rooms of Boston and New York hear the various voices and parts, with the utterances of the themes from all the different instruments, and the subdued tone of the whole, must appear to be a defect. I do not seem to have said just what I mean. Take a comparison. An orchestral work is to me in music what a great painting with many figures is in a sister art. The artist can find enjoyment in a near view, which will enable him to trace the hand of the master and appreciate the evidences of his skill. But we, the laity, go to a distance and sit down, to let the work as a whole speak out its intent and find its way into our hearts. It is one kind of pleasure to sit in the choir and join in Handel's mighty choruses, in which the singer is borne along as upon a mighty flood of tones; it is quite another thing to sit in our noble Boston Music Hall, and follow such choruses as clearly and see their construction as distinctly as we do a vocal quartet in a small room. Some of our first critics here in Berlin are now finding fault with the great numbers of performers, both vocal and instrumental, employed in producing Beethoven's great Mass in the Sing Akademie. "For the room," says RELLSTAR, "the number of performers was too great. In such cases also there is a golden medium."

To me, then, used to the most distant seats in the Berlin concert rooms, which, though small, still are larger than that of the Gewandhaus, a seat on the main floor of this latter seemed to place me in the midst of a rush and torrent of confused sound—noisy, but not musically sonorous—loud, but dead. The exquisite manner in which the orchestra played was not to be denied, though my standard of comparison is the Royal Orchestra of Berlin; but for real enjoyment of the work played, give me either a larger hall or a smaller orchestra. DAVID can make himself more conspicuous—he is a magnificent orchestral player—doubtless, in a small room; but when one hears an orchestra he wishes to hear no single performer—not Paganini; he listens to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, not to the men who are performing them.

Well, after the overture came a scene and air by SPOHR, with Clarinet obligato, sung by Fräulein Bianchi. She is all the mode just now in Leipzig—a pretty girl and a sweet singer, but why so much praised, why rated so highly, I cannot imagine.

Concertstück for oböe, by Rietz, played by Herr Diethe; neither the composition nor its performance better than Ribas used to give us in Boston, Diethe's tone by no means so good.

Terzet from *Fidelio*, sung by Fräulein Rodi and Bianchi, and Herr Eilers. No better singing than we often hear from Boston artists.

Overture "for the Emperor's Nameday," Op. 115, by Beethoven; exquisitely played, but to me not effective from causes above discussed.

Trio from Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage," by the two girls above named, and the violinist Dreychock's wife, who took the contralto. Her part pleased me best of the three.—By the way, why do not your Italian opera troupes give this work by Cimarosa? It requires no chorus, and is a perfect masterpiece of fun and music.

The second part of the concert was filled by a new

Symphony by Taubert in C minor, led by the composer, who had come on to Leipzig for the purpose. At its close there was just enough of applause to prove that it had fallen dead. I felt sorry for Taubert; but why, after so many failures in this class of compositions, does he venture new manuscript works among strangers? On the whole, this was a pretty poor programme and very unsatisfactory concert to—some.

I enclose a specimen of the programmes to the private concerts of the "Aufschwung,"* a musical club, of which our Boston representative, Clapp, is entitled to the honor of paternity. It will give you a good idea of what the young musicians in Leipzig can do and are doing.

PART I.

1. String Quartet, in E flat,.....Cherubini
Played by Herren Japha, Langhans, Koning and Lutz.
2. Cavatina from "St. Paul,".....Mendelssohn.
Sung by Herr F. Rebling.
3. Piano Pieces,.....Schumann.
a Nos. 1 and 10 from the "Davidshändler-tänze."
b "Warum?" and "Grillen," from the "Fantasie-Stücken."
Played by Herr J. von Bernuth.

PART II.

4. Salon Piece for two pianos, eight hands, Oesterley.
Played by Herren H. Bosch, N. B. Clapp,† J. von Bernuth, and W. Saar.†
5. a Romanza, }Beethoven.
b Sarabande, } for the violin,.....Spohr.
c Melody, }Molique.
Played by Herr Toste.
6. Three Songs :.....Schumann.
a "Nichts Schöneres."
b "Ständchen."
c "Aus allen Mähdern winkt es."
7. Sonata, op. 106, 1st movement,.....Beethoven.
Played by W. Saar.†

[To commence precisely at 5½ P. M., and end at 7½.]

And so, with no diminution in my pleasant recollections of Leipzig, the next evening I was again in Berlin.

A. W. T.

P. S. The "Stern Orchestra Society," in connection with his Singing Society, is going to give us a Beethoven night to close with, which will be as near the acme, the *ne plus ultra*, as it is easy to get. What do you think of just these three numbers on the programme? Selections from the "Ruins of Athens," the Piano Fantasia, with Orchestra and chorus, and the Ninth Symphony entire. For this latter work our public is well prepared, as the first three movements have been played by other performers some half-dozen times in public this winter, and all is fresh in our memories and ready for the addition of the vocal finale. Stern is a public benefactor.

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 19, 1856.

A Compliment to Otto Dresel.

Of all the "complimentary concerts" we have known, the most beautiful and the most hearty was the Private Concert given at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms last Monday evening in compliment to our admirable pianist, composer, and musician *par excellence* among all who have ever resided among us, MR. OTTO DRESEL. The concert was a token to him of esteem and gratitude on the part of a little club of amateur ladies and gentlemen, including about an equal number of our best professional singers, who for two winters past have met weekly in a private house for the practice, under Mr. Dresel's direction, of some of the choicest vocal compositions of the German

* The word means *Aspiration*—equivalent here to our Longfellow's motto: "Excelsior."—Ed.

† Americans.

masters. In this way they have studied, and by dint of the severest and most patient drill, have mastered several entire Psalms of MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT and ROBERT FRANZ; Motets of BACH; portions of MOZART's *Requiem*; the *Christus*, the *Athalia*, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" choruses, and many four-part songs of MENDELSSOHN; parts of GLUCK's *Orfeo*; choruses by WEBER, SCHUMANN, &c. Never probably, has so pure and beautiful an ensemble of voices (to the number of four or five upon a part) been brought together in our city, and never has such thorough drill, with such artistic spirit and result, been known in any of our vocal combinations.

The members of the club have felt it a rare privilege to be thus initiated into such satisfying music by a guide so sure and so inspiring. The fruits of their practice have several times delighted little parties of their friends at the hospitable house; this time it was their wish upon a somewhat larger scale to make the attraction of their singing serve the purpose of a substantial compliment to their instructor, and yet to do it in a way that should have as little as possible of the unpleasant publicity of a concert. The Chickering room therefore was chosen as the fittest place; the tickets were disposed of privately, even to the last seat that the room would hold, some weeks before the concert, and the disappointed applicants were almost as many as the fortunate who found admittance. The room was exquisitely adorned with huge bouquets of flowers, which, with the youth and beauty of so many female singers, and the well-dressed audience, made a charming scene. The selections were all vocal, sung by the members of the club, reinforced by a few extra voices in one or two of the last pieces, and directed and accompanied on the piano by Mr. DRESEL, aided by Mr. TRENKLE, wherever a greater breadth of harmony was required. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Psalm cxvii, for Double Chorus,....Robert Franz.
- 2—Psalm xlii: "As the Hart," &c.,....Mendelssohn.
Chorus. Soprano Solo. Recitative, Soprano Solo with Chorus of Women. Chorus of Men; Full Chorus. Recitative, Soprano Solo. Quintet for Soprano and Male voices. Finale.
- 3—Psalm xlii: "The Lord is my Shepherd," Schubert.
Quartet for Treble voices.
- 4—Oratorio of "Christus,".....Mendelssohn.
Recitative. Trio for Male voices: "Say, where is he born, the king of Judea, for we have seen his star, and are come to adore him."
Chorus: "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces Princes and Nations," and Chorale.
Recitative. Chorus: "This man have we found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Caesar," &c.
Recitative. Chorus: "He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative. Chorus: "Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative. Chorus: "Crucify him."
Recitative. Chorus: "We have a sacred Law; guilty by that Law let him suffer."
Recitative. Chorus: "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."

PART II.

- 5—Selections from "Orpheus,".....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus: "What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus."
Solo: Orpheus, answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus: "Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus: "Ah! by what magic does this mortal irresistibly soothe our fury?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Infernal gods! Pity my despair!"
Chorus: "Let him enter the infernal gates."

Chorus: "Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."

- 6—I. Chorus of Elves, from "Oberon,".....Weber.
 II. Four-part Song: "Come, let us roam the Greenwood,".....Mendelssohn.
 7—I. Chorus of Houris, and
 II. "Sleep on, sleep on, in visions of rest,"
 from "Paradise and the Peri," R. Schumann.
 8—Choruses of Elves, from "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn.

It would take many pages to describe the characteristic beauties of all these pieces, not one of which, we believe, was ever publicly performed in Boston. Admirable as each was separately, the gradation and contrast of effects in the whole series was not less admirable. The Psalm for double chorus by FRANZ is a noble composition, learned, almost BACH-like in its spirit, with the same fresh originality and truth of expression which we find in his songs; a truly religious work, elaborate and very difficult, ending in a fugue, which, like all the rest, was sung with the most perfect balance, precision, and purity of intonation and expression. The sopranos were all fresh and telling, without any harshness, and sounded together like one voice; and so the contraltos, which were extremely rich and musical. MENDELSSOHN'S Psalm: "As the hart pants after the water-brooks," &c., is one of his most beautiful productions, full of sweet and tender feeling, and with such contrasts of solos, choruses, now of women, now of men, quintet, and grand full chorus for finale, as to keep the interest always fresh. The soprano solos, each by a different voice, selected with careful reference to the peculiar fitness of each to the speciality of the passage, were all sung in an artistic and expressive manner which we rarely hear in concerts. Of course we may not particularize.—SCHUBERT'S Psalm, sung by four fine, fresh treble voices, is a piece suggestive of angelic harmony, and has all the peculiar imaginative charm of that rare genius.

But the profoundest impression of the sacred half of the programme was produced by that wonderful fragment (all that was completed) of MENDELSSOHN'S *Christus*. The Trio of the three magi, which was finely rendered, excited expectation marvellously. The chorus: "There shall a star come forth," &c., has a sweet and starlike beauty. But the narrative recitatives, (admirably delivered by Mr. ARTHURSON,) with the accusing choruses before Pilate, are extremely, terribly dramatic, especially those multitudinous echoes of "Crucify, crucify, crucify him," and the inexorable sound of "We have a sacred Law," &c. And again, what is more exquisitely plaintive and pathetic than that weeping chorus at the end? The rendering of the whole fragment seemed near faultless, and everything else was forgotten in the expression and intention of the music. To judge from this fragment, (of which we published a fuller analysis a few weeks since,) the "Christus" would have been Mendelssohn's greatest sacred composition.

Part II. gave us sprites and fairies of all shades and nationalities, from Greek mythology, from German WIELAND'S brain, to music equally imaginative by WEBER; Eastern houris, and Mendelssohn's Shakspearian elves. Such purely imaginative, romantic music made the most agreeable relief after the graver pieces of the first part. It was changing from the solid to the "light," without resorting to aught trivial or empty, but keeping still to works of real creative genius.

The selection from GLUCK'S "Orpheus" was perhaps the most admired of anything that evening. It represents Orpheus at the entrance of the infernal regions seeking his Eurydice. First we have one of those short instrumental interludes, called in the score *balletta*, here representing the dance of the Furies. Mr. Dresel had arranged it, as well as the following accompaniments, for four hands in such a manner as to bring out the maximum of power from the piano for the simple but appalling harmony. The bark of Cerberus, accompanying the chorus of demons, who dispute his entrance, is strongly marked and quite impressive. All the music, incredibly simple as it seems in its construction after works more modern, is wonderfully dramatic and effective; and the alternation between these loud, inexorable choruses and the pleading melodies of Orpheus, with lyre-like accompaniment, (beautifully sung by a rich and sympathetic amateur contralto,) shows the highest art of contrast. Wonderful and beautiful is the gradual softening and yielding of the infernal chorus; a drowsiness comes over the stern chords, and the last piece is serene and peaceful as the songs of blessed spirits. Yet through the whole one musical motive, one and the same ever-repeated figure reigns, so that the change seems not one of form, but only atmospheric, imperceptible in its degrees. Here was real musical dramatic *genius*; with the simplest means, such wonderful results produced in the imagination and feeling of the hearer! Yet never before has a scene from one of Gluck's operas been heard, that we know, in this country! It moves us to repeat more earnestly than ever the wish, that some opera company, after all these highly spiced Italian operas, will deign for once to let us hear an opera of Gluck, that we may judge of opera from a standard of simple musical dramatic *truth*. Alas! too well they know that it would be to kill the charm of all their modern hot-house products.

The *Oberon* chorus is perfectly lovely; why not as finely imaginative in its way as Mendelssohn's fairy music? Indeed, we even question whether Weber's does not indicate more freedom from a certain musical one-idealism, and whether its charm may not wear longer. It is the opening of the opera; Oberon sleeps, and his elfin ministers and subjects flit round his head with whispering, cautious strains, warning the noisy bee and fly to keep farther off, and the little rill to run more quietly and not disturb their monarch's dream. On a ground-work of exquisite accompaniment, slumberous chords, broken by little dream-like snatches, partly borrowed from the overture, the voices (soprano, alto and tenor,) hum little fragments of a low, half-connected strain, in a peculiar rhythm; voices and instrument together making one sweet whole. It was charmingly sung, with the most delicate light and shade. The merry little four-part song, called in the original "The Birds of the Forest," was sung with rare truth and unity, without accompaniment, and gave such pleasure that it had to be repeated.

The SCHUMANN choruses gave us a higher idea of his "Paradise and the Peri," than we had gathered from reports. The first one: "Deck we the steps of our Allah's throne!" is very original in its melodic design, and very beautiful; some of the modulations, two, are striking and significant. The other: "Sleep on," is a beauti-

ful soprano melody (beautifully sung by an amateur), upon a soft, suffused background of chorus.—Finally, the fairy choruses from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for female voices, (near twenty in all, and all so fresh and pure and musical, all so refined in quality), upon the ground-work of those humming figures from the overture, very nicely sketched on the piano, truly suggested the delicate chorus of the souls of little flowers—a sort of musical exhalation. They were sweet sounds to go home to sleep by.

Thus closed a most delightful and successful evening. The only source of regret was that more persons could not hear it. To the self-sacrificing artist, to whose honor these fruits of his own watering were offered, it must have been one of those sweet rewards which Providence fails not to let fall in the thorny path of every sincere and uncompromising devotion to the Beautiful and True.

Organs and Organ-building.

We alluded a few weeks since to the movement now in progress to place in the Boston Music Hall a Grand Organ, such as is now the boast of Haerlem and of Freyburg. The plan, we understand, is still being pushed vigorously—may we hope, successfully.

It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to quote the following sound and practical hints, touching the necessary negotiations which must be had between the purchasing and building of such an instrument. They are taken from the recent work of HOPKINS, (Organist of the Temple Church, London, &c. &c.) "On the Organ and its construction."

After describing in detail the various elements which go to make up a perfect instrument, he says: "We have now arrived at the last, but by no means the least important question for consideration, namely, the *price* of the organ. This matter necessarily rests, to some extent, with the builder chosen, but remains to a much greater degree in the hands of the purchasers. From what has been explained in the preceding sections, it must be obvious that there is a durable, complete, but *costly* way of building an organ, and an unsubstantial, incomplete and *cheap* way of making it. It is also equally evident that organ-building may be viewed as a calling of high Art, or treated merely as a matter of business; and it will be exercised in either the former or the latter spirit, according to circumstances.

"Under the most extreme circumstances the organ-builder must *exist* by the exercise of his calling; but, at the same time, it is only consistent with the proper feeling of ambition that actuates every genuine artist, that he should prefer *also* rearing specimens of his art to which he might point with pride, as well as his successors for generations after him. But this second condition must depend obviously on the means placed at his disposal.

"On being applied to to make proposals for the construction and erection of an organ, an organ-builder may draw up a specification for an instrument of given contents, and, intending to use certain materials, and to devote much attention to various matters of detail and finish which cannot be specified in an estimate without extending it to the length of a pamphlet, place his charge at a certain sum, say £1,000. He may, however, have good reason to know that that figure will

ensure him the loss of the 'order'; accordingly, without altering one of the written conditions of his contract, or foregoing one penny of his own fair profit, but simply by reducing the standard or substance, or both, of his metal, and paying less regard to the minute excellencies of his work, he can, 'to meet circumstances,' at once lower his estimate from £1,000 to £850. It is in this sense that 'the price of an organ' is said to remain so much in the hands of the purchasers. But when the organ is completed, will it rank so high, as a *work of Art*, as it was originally intended by its designer it should do? Will it reflect more than a *temporary* credit on its builder? A few years pass, and the organ itself probably solves these problems. Crooked or bruised metal pipes, cracked wooden pipes, drumming sound-boards, twisted rollers, double frictional resistance opposed to the fingers at the keys, and numerous other such fatalities, too frequently indicate what are and probably must ever be among the most probable distinctnesses of the 'cheap organ.' Nor is the builder exactly to be held responsible for this, if he gave timely advice and warning.

"So far it has been shown by how easy a course the price of an organ of a given size may be materially reduced, to accommodate the estimate to particular circumstances. But the process may be reversed: i. e. the size of an organ may undergo great *apparent* increase, when 'a Grand Organ' is desired for the price of one of ordinary dimensions. An organ with say fifty stops, may cost either £1,000, or nearly £2,000, according to circumstances. If its specification be drawn up in a spirit consistent with the magnitude of the work, as *implied* by the number of its stops—if the stops chosen are introduced mostly in a 'complete' form, and if a just proportion be observed in their distribution between the manuals and pedal—the cost of such an instrument will certainly approach the higher of the two rough estimates above given. But then it will also be a genuine specimen of the German system of organ-building, carried out in its amplitude and integrity. Among the fundamental laws of that system are these: if a great manual be furnished with sixteen stops, these should include at least two double stops, one of which must be a double open diapason throughout. Or, to follow the German form of expression more closely, the great organ should be a 'sixteen feet manual.' Then all the manuals—by which is meant the *organs* as well as the *keys*—should be of equal, that is, of CC range; and the pedal moreover should, as a *minimum* proportion, have at least one third as many stops as the great manual.

"These and other governing rules of the science, however, can only be recognized, or at least followed, when the price will admit of their being so. But it too frequently happens that the approximate price for the organ has already been fixed, and the hoped-for number of stops also considered; in which case all that is left for an organ-builder to do, who desires to secure the order, is to prepare a design that will as little as possible run counter to these pre-formed expectations. He sees clearly that the plan for an instrument on the genuine German principle will exclude itself by its appended estimate; that there is every probability of the prize falling into the hands of him who can prepare the most 'promising' specification; therefore ideas about Art must subserve to those relating to *business*.

"Nor can organ-builders fairly be accountable for adopting the obvious alternative thus imposed upon them, and which amounts to this in effect if not in words: he who will prepare the specification that seems to promise the most extensive instrument for the stated terms—who, in fact, can the most successfully make what would seem a smaller organ look like a larger upon paper—will stand the best chance of securing 'the order.' And the ingenuity sometimes displayed in estimates drawn up to meet such expectations, almost calls for admiration. First, instead of the specification stating that the proposed instrument shall be built on the German *system*, which would be embodying a great deal, all it will promise, if it be prudently drawn up, is that it shall be made to the German *compass*, which implies but little. Next, several of the stops are planned to draw in *halves*; every such divided stop thus appearing as *two*; or they are introduced in an incomplete form, to meet other incomplete stops. In this manner a great step is made toward securing the necessary array of 'stops'; many persons judging of the excellence of an organ by the number of its *handles*, rather than by the excellence and completeness of what those handles *govern*. The couplers, even, to swell the number, are sometimes enumerated as stops. Then the important distinction between 'standard size' and 'size of tone' is overlooked; and the two portions of the stopped diapason, which together in reality form but one stop of eight feet *tone*, in consequence bear the aspect of two stops of eight feet. The bourdon, also, if divided, appears as two stops of sixteen feet. In this manner the stops in question, and by consequence the department to which they belong, are left open to a flattering estimate of their real dimensions.* The *one* *esquialtera* of five ranks, again, which is to be found in all the most important organs of Germany, as well as in those of Bridge, Byfield, Harris and Smetzler in England, has to be made to draw as two or even three stops. Then the swell organ—a department in the construction of which an organ-builder takes peculiar pride and interest—this must be cut short at tenor C; which denudation deprives the swell of its finest octave, though to be sure at the same time it effects a saving of nearly £100 in the cost of that department alone, and must therefore be resorted to as one means of keeping down the price of the instrument. The swell *manual* perhaps runs 'throughout,' though that is of little value without its proper pipes. Numerous small and inexpensive stops, again, find admission, which assist in making up the required number, at no great outlay; while many large and costly ones are necessarily excluded, to bring the instrument within the narrow bounds prescribed by the stipulated terms. In this manner the admirable rule which lies at the foundation of the German system of organ-building—that the pedal shall have, at the least, one third as many stops as the great manual—and which is specially intended to check all excess in small or incomplete stops, as well as the slighting of large and more important ones, is perforce treated as though it had no existence. By the above and other such means, a specification for an organ of almost any number of stops—i. e., handles—may be provided, to suit almost any

*It must be borne in mind that it is not the *tone* of the deepest *sounding* covered stop, but the 'standard length' of the largest stop of the open diapason species, that fixes the size of a manual or pedal organ.

sum that may be named. But it cannot be supposed that any organ-builder who has a real love for his Art, can *prefer* building an instrument according to so unhealthy a system, however readily he may *consent* to do so.

"Yet despite the discouraging influences under which it has been sometimes carried on, Organ-building has nevertheless progressed marvellously, particularly in respect to those mechanical details which ensure quietness in the action generally, and which relate to lightness and promptness in the touch of large instruments, as well as in the selection and variety of the stops; but in regard to the completeness in the compass of the stops, and the excellence of the metal used in their construction, great 'progress' might still be made in *going back* to the customs of a century or more since. But these latter returns, whenever they may take place, must be *preceded* by a corresponding return to something akin to the fair and liberal terms paid to the artists of former times. We need not wonder, then, at the completeness, so far as they went, goodness of material, excellence of finish, beauty of tone, and durability of old instruments, made under such favorable auspices."

The above matters relating to the price, excellence and completeness of an organ, have been entered into thus fully and unreservedly, first, because emanating as they do from one who is wholly unconnected with the organ-building business, and who therefore can in no way be interested in the issue, beyond what is shared by all who admire excellence, irrespective of size, they may perhaps be permitted to exercise some influence with those who have to detect the actual merits of competing estimates; and secondly, because they really involve the permanent interest of the purchaser, the credit of the builder, and the progress of the Art, in equal degrees.

OTTO DRESEL gives the *last* of his Soirées at Chickering's this evening, assisted by other pianists, by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and in the vocal department by Miss ELISE HENSLEY, fresh from new operatic triumphs in New York. She will sing Cherubini's *Ave Maria* and the Romanza from "William Tell." For piano solos, Mr. Dresel will play again his fine arrangement of the Andante from Schubert's Symphony; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, in E flat; the Adagio from Chopin's *second* Concerto, and his Andante and Polonaise, op. 22, both for the first time and with quintet accompaniment. These, in addition to the larger features of the bill, which are Bach's Concerto for three Pianos, with quartet accompaniment, (not the one played two years since,) and Mendelssohn's *first* Trio (in D minor) for piano, violin and 'cello, which has not been aired here for a year or more.... For next Saturday evening, (26th.) at the new Mercantile Hall, our old friend, WILLIAM KEYZER, the violinist, announces a Benefit Concert of classical chamber music, with the aid (as will be seen below) of some of our best instrumental artists. Mr. K. enters a field somewhat different from any that has been occupied of late by our other chamber concert givers; he is to preach to us the gospel of *SOUND*, the larger half of his programme being occupied with two of the most important compositions of that often tedious, but always elegant and learned, and sometimes delightful master. Judged by symphony and oratorio, he has never taken a deep hold on our musical affections here, and is really far less known among us than so great a master should be. His Piano Quintet and his Double Quartets rank among his very best works. CHORLEY, whose criticism on him we once copied, admits that "Dr. Spohr's music has its times and places of vitality and individual intelligence, as well as that general air of swooning, over-luxurious, elaborate grace, which conceals its poverty in significance and variety so well and so long, with some even forever." And he speaks of his Quartets as works "in which the compromise betwixt what is classical and severe, and what is exciting and gracious, could hardly be carried to higher perfection." Mr. Keyzer has many friends in Boston, and we hope he will have a full house.

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